

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!

GOOD, GENTLE, KIND AND CHARITABLE READER!

For those whose daily lives are led 'midst sickness, sorrow or the dead, 'tis fitting to relax a bit, drop care's cloak, cheer fleeting wit nor heed old raven's croak. And so these words of trivial jest, intended well—no matter 'bout the rest—were sped one night when all sat tight about the groaning board where man met man with wisdom stored but burdened not, for that occasion, with cares of any one's persuasion. The doctors in old San Francisco town put off the doctors' robe, relaxed the worried frown, divorced the mob and sat them down in friendly jollity one night in last November to have a dinner that they'll long remember. Alas! not every merry quip that passed that night from lip to lip is here set forth, for reasons multifarious—(and grouches are so plentiful an editor's life's precarious!) And so, good reader, generous and kind, please pardon iteration—but bear in mind these words were said in *jest*, not obfuscation.

(Once more, gentle reader! This matter has been so published that, if it shocks your sense of dignity, you may have these pages removed without doing damage to the remainder of this issue of the JOURNAL. See?)



(N. B.—Denoting humorous stuff; to be taken ad libitum, but not seriously.—Ed.)

## NOTICE!

Original (but NOT Scientific) Articles.

Will all domestic and foreign readers and abstractors please note that the following articles (separately paged) were presented at a banquet of the San Francisco County Medical Society and are published at the request of that Society. They are not intended to be contributions to pure science, and if you so consider them, it is your own fault.

(The secretary of the S. F. County Medical Society, at the annual dinner, presented the following papers, and abstracts, all of them he said, although rejected by the executive committee, so unusual as to merit attention. The offended members, he stated, would thus no doubt be appeased, as well as convinced of his innocence in the matter of original rejection of their scientific contributions.)

### THE TECHNIC OF SALVARSAN INJECTIONS.\*

By DR. CHENOWON HAMEL JOSLIN,

Author of "Five Facts vs. Foolish Fakes," "Quaint Quacks I Have Quizzed."

From fellow practitioners I am continually hearing of their difficulties with salvarsan medication. There are even reports of very exciting, highly dramatic scenes. Quite recently I was told of a specialist encountering unusual trouble. Everything seemed bewitched. The vein wasn't to be found; then the needle broke; fortunately the vein was caught by the operator's long finger nail. At last with the second needle he got into the vein, but nothing would run through the needle and the patient began to complain. The needle was withdrawn and blown through; again boiled and inserted. The solution now ran through it, but under the skin. The patient roared, jumped up and ran out, the physician back of him with salvarsan and syringe. Had he not succeeded in grabbing the deserter on the front steps and performing the pertrouserian injection, he would have lost his fee.

I have now succeeded in so simplifying the technic that my professional brethren can perform this operation with even ordinary house assistance.

For this injection I simply require two rooms, an operating table, an irrigator, my patented syringe with six nozzles (for sale at all instrument dealers for \$29), a sterile bookrest, one sterile assistant and a well-trained office nurse.

The day before the big event, blood pressure and sensory examinations are made on the arm which is to be used, and a compression bandage is applied to it a couple of times so that the patient gets accustomed to the doctor and the doctor gets accustomed to the patient. It goes almost without saying that previous to this, all known tests for renal and hepatic function will have been employed, and ophthalmic, auditory, urine and stool

examinations will have been made and the pressure of the cerebrospinal fluid recorded. The night before a sleeping powder is given, or else the patient is given a logarithm table to read or a volume of church stories or something similar. The morning of the event, doctor and patient each take 20 drops of tr. opium; the victim is then given a warm bath, the entire body lathered and closely shaved (our specially modified safety razor is to be recommended, price \$7). The doctor cleans his nails, his spectacles, puts on a cap and straps his moustache and beard out of the way, for while this may seem superfluous we know of a hair having been found on one occasion in the salvarsan solution.

The following use is made of the two rooms: They are separated by a door which has a hole in it at the level of the operating table, the hole being sufficiently large to have the arm of the patient stick through it. One thus has the patient so that he can't escape and it is impossible for him to continually annoy one with his stupid, anxious, impertinent, impatient questions. He cannot excite the operator when things don't go right for he does not notice them so quickly. He doesn't make the doctor nervous and the doctor does not make him nervous. For our door brings about a complete separation; in one room lies the patient minus his arm, which for the moment has nothing to do with him, plus the office nurse, whose business it is to give the patient courage and to entertain him with the recital of the wonderful operations of the doctor, and who if at all clever, can extract from him valuable information as to his financial status. In the other room is the arm, covered by sterile dressings—the doctor, his assistant, and the bookrest; the latter is of great use in supporting an anatomical atlas, to which reference is frequently of great help. The pages that are of interest are armed with sterile clamps, so that one can turn over the leaves without trouble. The hole in the door has an iris diaphragm, the narrowing of which produces hyperemia of the arm. The narrowing is done slowly and carefully until the patient in the other room yells Au. If on the other hand he yells Autsch the diaphragm is relaxed.

The arm is cleaned with ether, the hand wrapped with a sterile bandage, the irrigator and tube boiled, and the solution freshly prepared, neutralized and warmed up to 37.52° C.

Now comes the most important point, that is, *my instrument*. This consists of six fine injection needles fastened together in a row. Each of these

\* This article is a modified translation from the Nünch. Mediz. Noch., 1911.

at its upper extremity is so constructed that it can be connected to the irrigator tube. The instrument is stuck as obliquely as possible into the area where it is assumed that the vein is to be found. Sharp watch is now kept to see out of which of the six needles the blood flows; this is the one that is in the vein. It is immediately connected with the irrigator tube, the clamp on the latter released, the iris diaphragm opened and the salvarsan can take its course.

If the patient has any kind of a vein in the arm, one must strike it with my ingenious instrument. If he hasn't a vein there, then, in God's name, he must be stuck in the leg, which has naturally been prepared for this emergency.

I can only say that it is exceedingly pleasant when one can quietly and without disturbance deal with the arm of the patient and the arm alone not bothering with the rest of him which is being attended to by the office nurse, who, at the end of the performance hands the patient a drink of whisky and congratulates him upon his good fortune.

#### A PRELIMINARY REPORT UPON SOME STUDIES IN SEROLOGY.

By Drs. GILMAN-SCHMITT and OLIVER ALVERES.

The Wassermann reaction, as everybody knows, has proven of value to clinicians in the recognition of cases of lues which hitherto escaped their observant eyes. A number of persons with manifest lues do not show the reaction and many healthy persons show slightly positive ones. Unfortunately for the progress of science, most serologists have been confining their work to performing these tests upon human beings, at 25 per. The authors, however, have done more than this. They have examined the blood of 57 varieties of animals, but for the purpose of this paper, they mention only the work done on dogs. Through the courtesy of the Poundmaster, much otherwise neglected material was put at their disposal. Tests were done of 702 dogs, 606 of which were in the pound and shall be spoken of as clinic cases. All of the latter gave positive reactions; of the others or private cases, only 12 were positive.

The authors believe that the positive reactions point to the presence of a canine form of lues, and its prevalence among the so-called clinic animals speaks in its favor.

It is of paramount interest to determine the relationship between the human and canine diseases. Curiously enough, of the 12 animals in the "private" class, 10 were living in houses where human lues existed. None of the human patients had done anything to prevent the poor brutes from licking their hands and thus infecting themselves.

To return to the practical importance of the work. The authors believe that many of the so-called positive reactions obtained in apparently healthy humans may be due to a reversal of the above mode of infection, namely, the chewing of dog flesh. They are now doing the Wassermann

reaction upon a number of persons, using sausage as antigen, and hope to report again in the near future.

#### REPLY TO DR. VECKI.

Prof. Muffler-Cut-Out has requested that he be allowed to reply to Dr. Vecki's article which appeared in the October CALIFORNIA STATE JOURNAL OF MEDICINE, p. 435. Dr. Vecki states:

"The long-suffering public could hardly be blamed should they feel some kind of a satisfaction when learning that motorcar speeding causes sexual impotence. Several cases I observed made me suspect this fact years ago, but I did not dare to trust my own observation, fearing that my wish may have been the father of my inferences and deductions. But now comes such a careful and absolutely reliable observer as Notthaft (*Zeit. Urol.*, April, 1911), and reports four cases of sexual impotency in wealthy married men fond of automobile speeding, and one in a chauffeur. Notthaft knows of similar cases in the experience of others. The sexual depression developed in from three months to three years after special devotion to the sport. Notthaft ascribes the impotency to a cerebral neurasthenia from the nervous strain of the speeding. The intense concentration of mind required in speeding, the anxiety and the jar of the car—all tend to induce neurasthenia.

"I am convinced that the jar of the car, and the bouncing upon the soft warm upholstery are the chief harmful influences, because the speed-drunk motormaniacs have hardly any mind to concentrate upon anything."

Prof. Muffler-Cut-Out states that for a period of years he has had under observation a number of sterile married women who, since taking up the pleasure of motoring, have become pregnant. He grants that the question of the chauffeur may have some bearing upon the issue. In a second communication the Professor states that he wishes furthermore, to demonstrate a medical chauffeur, who has chauffeured for 18 months without an accident. He adds, "I know of but one other similar case, and even this case after a while was, during a visit to the Police Court, seen with symptoms of autointoxication, headache and vomiting, in decan, etc."

#### NEW AUTOMATIC APPLIANCE.

Dr. P. Kevans, whom we are pleased to have with us after his recent visit to England, writes that during his stay in the college town of Eton, he was much impressed by a new appliance and suggests its introduction in San Francisco. After turning one's back to the automatic appliance and throwing a \$5 gold piece in the slot provided for this purpose, a trigger is released, a sudden but slight pain is felt due to the automatic injection needle penetrating the skin, and the intramuscular dose follows. The apparatus he suggests should be used prophylactically and be placed in all great places of amusement, public parks, etc. The Doctor adds, "If Eton does, why can't we."

## NEW VACCINES.

In a very brief paper, Drs. Spiro Kete, Phil I. N. Swats and S. P. Bunch announce the preparation of several new prophylactic vaccines. They have found that an emulsion made from the scrapings of wooden toilet seats, duly washed in running water and passed through a chamber filter, if injected locally, will cure hemorrhoids. An emulsion of cochineal, injected in large doses, will cause the rash of scarlet fever to disappear. A vaccine of the hay bacillus cures hay fever and one made from melon seeds will cure melancholia.

Manure thoroughly mixed with salt solution and sterilized at 60° C. they use as their stock vaccine for all infections occurring in country laborers. A bottle of this, they urge, should be in every country home.

From unofficial sources, we are told that the firm of Burroughs & Co. are welcome to act as agents for those products.

## SAD ACCIDENT!

Dr. Emily S. Mall wishes to report a very singular case, pleural in origin, where a man who did not go out much suffered from roomertism, and who, though a high liver, showed signs of hepatop-tosis.

Dr. Mall is not present to-night, having recently met with an accident. He fractured his coccyx when attempting to sit on a weakly constructed chair placed by a patient's bedside. This is the first instance we know of the doctor's carelessness in examination of stools.

## PARETIC SPEECH DISTURBANCES.

In a short communication, Dr. J. Wilsoon Squirt recommends substituting for the words "3rd riding artillery brigade," which is far too simple a test for an educated person, the catch word "Dioxydiamidoarsenobenzol." Whoever cannot pronounce this is to be seized and immediately given a shot of the unspeakable remedy.

## MUCUS COLITIS.

In a very original paper, Dr. Anna P. Laxis, conclusively demonstrates that mucus colitis, the etiology of which has been long obscured, is simply a form of hay fever of the rectum, with paroxysms of uncontrollable sneezing from the bowel.

## EARS AND LEGS.

Dr. Will T. Cullen in a short communication based upon statistics of 9200 cases, urges upon general practitioners the necessity for more thorough ear examinations in all cases of varicose veins of the legs. We feel that this has been much neglected.

## CERVICAL CATARRH.

In an equally interesting and important paper, the famous Oriental surgeon, Dr. Sam Honk Honk, recently and repeatedly a guest of our Society, emphasizes the importance of careful examination of the *cervical* spine for lesions of osteo arthritis, X-Rays having shown their prevalence in hundreds of cases of *cervical* catarrh in women.

## ADDITION TO THE LIBRARY.

In a very fascinating book recently published by one of our distinguished confreres, and donated by him to our library, we read, under "Physical Diagnosis:"

"Inspection—of feet—of value in recognition of cirrhosis." Does he mean Sorosis?

"Auscultation—listen for friction-crepitus which might indicate a broken heart, or reduplicated sounds indicating one heart that beats as two."

Under case histories, the writer refers to a "young hero, who would have died from cough had it not been for the heroin-e."

Surely it is a misprint which makes us read that "Father Junipero Serra was a sufferer from angina mission dolore."

Under therapy, the following is worth your attention: "If called to a patient who has swallowed \$5, do not let him realize that he is \$5 out; rather let him think he's \$5 in. If it be counterfeit do not leave him pass it. Then make him cough up \$10 and begone."

## COMMUNICATIONS.

In closing, I wish to read a few notes received to-day:

Sec'y. County Medical Society:—

Dear Sir:—

Will you kindly enquire if any of your members would be so kind as to show me a suppurating wound. In the 3000 laparotomies which I have performed in the last 2 years, I've only seen healing by first intention, so that in a measure, I feel the need of recalling earlier memory pictures before they have entirely vanished.

DR. AMBLY OPIA.

G. D. Lyre.

The Milk Commission wishes me to announce to the members present that they now certify not only milk, but butter and cheese. In particular they wish to warn against the use of Limburger and Roquefort cheese unless certified, as they have caught unscrupulous dealers selling these brands of cheese with a bacterial count lower than standard, to wit: 36 trillion to the cu. m.m.

## MEDICAL LESSON PLAY.\*

## "THE WATERDALE DOCTOR."

A PLAY IN TWO PARTS.

By J. WILSON SHIELS.

## PART ONE.

## DOCTOR SMUGG'S VACATION.

## PROLOGUE.

Society clipping as telephoned to the editor by Doctor Smugg:

"June 1st, 1911.

"Doctor Always Smugg, Mrs. Always Smugg, their family, and maid leave for Groveville on Tuesday. The Doctor will positively return to the city on the eighteenth of June."

## FIRST EPISODE.

Place—Waterdale. Scene—The Sitting Room in Doctor Tom Pine's Home. (Note—Waterdale, a little village just ten miles by road from Groveville. Groveville, a summer resort—quoting from Hotel Circular—"deep in the heart of a redwood forest. Lowest rates, \$3.50 per day, European plan.")

Mrs. Tom Pine—gentlewoman—sits at the window. She is sewing. Now and then she looks down the dust-covered road.

Master Tom Pine—youngster. He is playing chu-chu-cars with a full set of dominoes.

Mrs. Tom Pine (starting up)—"Here he comes! Up! up! Jack, and fly to meet him!"

(They rush out-of-doors and stand waving and waiting. Doctor Tom Pine—gentleman—drives up. He is dust covered. Master Tom jumps into his dad's arms. They all go back to the sitting room. Weary-eyed Bess, the mare, needs no hitching.)

Doctor Tom (flops into the armchair with a sigh of content)—"What time is it? Twelve-thirty! Left seven-thirty, stayed half an hour at Groveville. Gee! Four hours!"

Mrs. Tom (spreading the tablecloth for dinner)—"Who was it, Tom?"

Doctor Tom—"One of the tablemaids, a Miss Hogan. Pretty sick; lobular pneumonia. Tells me she is working to help out an old mother. Guess we'll have to put this case to 'Profit and Loss.'"

Mrs. Tom (with love-lit look)—"Tom, that's getting to be the biggest account we've got."

Doctor Tom—"Can't help it, my dear. Gee! But I'm tired! And all my day's work ahead of me."

Mrs. Tom (bending over him and giving a kiss)—"Never mind; the automobile is getting nearer and nearer and NEARER! Hark! I can almost hear it!"

Doctor Tom (laughing and pulling out a special

savings' bank book and figuring for a moment)—"Two hundred and fifty dollars off! My dear, that may be near to your feminine mind—or ear was it?—but to mine it is one hundred and twenty-five visits at two dollars per; and that's a very long way off to me. You know, helpmate o' mine, and if you don't you ought to by this time, that there is a great national sport called 'Bilking the Doctor'; and all players are fans, every mother's son of 'em. No, no, my dear! I don't hear that automobile as clearly as you do."

Mrs. Tom (handing him his mail)—"Here's your mail."

(He takes it. She continues to set the table. The canary starts to sing.)

Doctor Tom (after reading a few moments)—"That's fine!"

Mrs. Tom—"What?"

Doctor Tom—"You remember Middleman and his compound fracture I wired at the mine with Big Bill holding the lamp, and 'Solong' Johnstone giving the chloroform. Well, listen to this. (You know I sent Middleman down to be X-rayed and to get Standwell's opinion?)" (She nods.)

"Avenue Hospital,  
"X-Ray Department.

"Dear Doctor Pine:

"Re Mr. Middleman's fracture. Set perfectly, plate shows no deformity. Professor Standwell expressed high commendation and desired me to state that, in his opinion, the continuity of the bone was thoroughly established when the patient left your hands.

"He has nothing to add to the after treatment laid down by you and described to him by Mr. Middleman.

"Yours very truly,

"H. G. MAJOR, M. D."

(Boyishly)—"What think you of your husband now, fair maiden?"

Mrs. Tom—"What I have always thought. If that horrid old asthma would let you work in the city you'd give them all a run for first place."

Doctor Tom—"Run for first place, indeed! Keep that sporting blood under cover, my dear! May I ask if you ever heard of blind love?"

Mrs. Tom—"Well, I don't care, it's the truth! I do wish, Tom, you wouldn't let every one run over you so; you know as well as I do that——"

Doctor Tom—"And I do wish you'd be merciful with your marital lectures. I'm rather sick of being told what a wonder I am, especially when that automobile is getting no nearer. Seriously, I wish we could scrape up that extra two hundred and fifty. With a car I could do work like this morning's without loss of time or energy, the two great assets of the medical man. To say nothing of the effect on the lackadaisical ladies of Groveville Summer Resort. They would sit up in their rocking chairs and 'take notice' of the handsome but bashful Doctor Tom as he sped upon his medical way!"

Mrs. Tom—"Have a care, diffident doctor! Remember what you say about advertisement! (imi-

\* A Play. Consider it tenderly,  
Read it with care!  
It is built rather slenderly—  
Please do not swear!

tating his voice admirably). I abhor the medical man who advertises in any shape or form!"

*Doctor Tom* (imitating her voice just as admirably)—"Well, I don't care! It's the truth! And you know it!"

(*They both laugh heartily as the curtain falls.*)

#### SECOND EPISODE.

Scene—Groveville Summer Resort.

All is hubbub. All the guests are busy bees buzzing 'round a money pot. The only boy-child of N. G. Moneebaggs has broken his arm, some say in one place, others in two, and yet others in three. Every one is beside themselves, and no wonder, for is it not a fact that N. G. Moneebaggs is a multi-millionaire?

*First Busy Bee Bystander*—"Where's Doctor Smugg? Run for Doctor Smugg! Where is he?"

*Second Busy Bee Bystander*—"He's out fishing."

*Third Busy Bee Bystander*—"Send to Waterdale for a doctor. Ask the office who's the best one."

*Fourth Busy Bee Bystander* (*catching sight of Doctor Smugg*)—"Never mind! never mind! Here comes Doctor Smugg. What luck Mr. Moneebaggs. You couldn't have a better. He is so fashionable!"

Doctor Smugg is seen coming toward them on his way to his cottage. He waddles. Over his left shoulder he carries a silver mounted rod with line and fancy fly, over his right an empty fishing basket. He is not a success with fish.

All the busy bees rush after him and bring him, with wild gesticulations, to the scene of the accident. They cry aloud "Make way for Doctor Smugg." With great dignity and much shortness of breath he holds a clinic wherein the radius, the ulnar—spelt with an e-r—the flexor—also spelt with the same—sublimus digitorum, "the proximal end"; "the distal end," all play a most important part. The busy bee bystanders listen in silent admiration. At his command the women bring him God knows what: he has a kind word for all of them as he whittles his splints from the lid of a raisin box. When done they are the wonder of all.

At last the limb is set! The only boy-child of N. H. Moneebaggs continues to cry, but he is not in pain; at least that is what Doctor Smugg declares and he ought to know.

Mrs. Moneebaggs is recovering from a faint in the shadow of the dance hall and many sympathetic women attend her with such soothing terms as:—

"Poor dear!"

"Bear up, darling, the worst is over."

"All is well, Doctor Smugg is with your little one."

"Drink this; it will do you good."

Mr. N. G. Moneebaggs wrings the hand of Doctor Smugg and is profuse in his thanks, which Doctor Smugg accepts most becomingly.

The whole affair is the after dinner talk of Groveville for days and Doctor Smugg is the observed of all observers. Which is just what Doctor Smugg desired all along.

#### THIRD EPISODE.

Scene: Groveville, June 12th, 1911, six days before Dr. Smugg's departure for the city and five days since the accident, during which time Master Moneebaggs has been very restless and crying a bit, but not in pain according to Doctor Smugg. It may be mentioned that Doctor Tom Pine of Waterdale has, for the same period, attended daily the tablemaid Miss Hogan.

*Mr. N. G. Moneebaggs*—"And now Doctor Smugg, how much am I indebted? Money is no object."

*Doctor Smugg* (dramatically and with deep reproach)—"My dear sir! My dear sir! Not another word; I couldn't think of it. This is my holiday, my vacation, no remuneration, however just, is possible. It has been my pleasure to be of aid to your charming and only boy-child and of course to you."

*N. G. Moneebaggs*—"But Sir I insist I cannot—"

*Doctor Smugg*—"Not another word, I pray you! My dear sir, not another word. Should you desire it, when the little fellow comes to the city I will look at him again; but nothing NOW I assure you."

He walks away. In a little while he comes across Doctor Tom Pine and weary-eyed Bess on their way home from a visit to Miss Hogan, the tablemaid who, by the way, is doing very well, resting in rapid convalescence. Doctor Tom Pine, remembering Doctor Smugg from his student days—he used to see him rushing around in a fifty horsepower motor car—bows; Doctor Smugg returns the bow on general business principles. A gardener stands hard by. Doctor Smugg turns to him and remarks:

"Who was that who bowed to me just now?"

*Gardener*—"That was Doctor Tom Pine of Waterdale. God bless him!"

*Doctor Smugg*—"Thank you."

#### FOURTH EPISODE.

Scene: Groveville, June 17th, 1911, one day before Doctor Smugg's departure for the city.

*N. G. Moneebaggs*—"Dear Doctor Smugg, kindly accept this poor token of my esteem and gratitude."

(He hands the Doctor a gold watch; it has a split-second movement and chimes the hours at night; it also has the Doctor's initials—A. S. S.—engraved upon it, to say nothing of the date of the accident to the only boy-child.)

"It may remind you of my appreciation when you are taking the pulses of your many patients."

## FIFTH EPISODE.

Scene: Cottage of Doctor and Mrs. Alway S. Smugg at Groveville. Time: Bedtime.

*Mrs. Alway Smugg* (looking at watch)—“Why, Alway! Isn't it a beauty! It must have cost at least two hundred and fifty dollars!!”

*Doctor Alway Smugg* (arranging the pillows)—“All of that, my dear.” (He jumps joyfully into bed.)

*Mrs. Alway Smugg*—“I think it is the most beautiful watch I have ever seen.” (Turns out the light and jumps joyfully after him.)

*Mrs. Alway Smugg* (after a pause; in the dark)—“I hope you won't let it interfere with your fee.”

*Dr. Alway Smugg*—“I'll see that it doesn't, my dear.”

*Mrs. Alway Smugg* (snuggling up)—“That's right, my darling. Good night.”

## SIXTH EPISODE.

Scene: The palatial home of N. G. Moneebaggs; the dining room. Time: After the holiday at Groveville.

*Occurrence*—A consultation between Doctor Alway S. Smugg and Professor Standwell, surgeon. They, after an exhaustive examination, have just left the only boy-child of N. G. Moneebaggs. They are about to exchange opinions.

*Doctor Smugg* (softly closing the door and most ingratiatingly)—“Well, Doctor, what do you think?”

*Professor Standwell*—“The arm will have to be reset.”

*Doctor Smugg* (softly and with a smile benignly unctuous and absolutely without shame)—“That was just what I—dear me! One works at such a disadvantage in the country, don't you think, Professor? so dreadfully handicapped. Nothing at hand so to speak. No trained assistance. Will you kindly tell the family and ah—if you will—ah—kindly mention and enlarge upon these facts.” (Leading the way to N. G. Moneebaggs)—“This way, Professor.”

## SEVENTH EPISODE.

Scene: Waterdale. The porch of Dr. Tom Pine's home.

*Doctor Tom* (just back from Groveville)—“Well, thank goodness, that's over.”

*Mrs. Tom*—“What, dear?”

*Doctor Tom*—“The Hogan case. She's quite well and back to work.”

*Mrs. Tom*—“And all down to profit and loss!”

*Doctor Tom*—“Oh, wife, don't be mean.”

*Mrs. Tom*—“All right . . . what's the use . . . you'll never be any different” (looking at him tenderly). “Tired? I'll make you a cup of tea.”

*Doctor Tom*—“You're a brick! Just what I was thinking of all the way home in the buggy.”

*Mrs. Tom*—“Never mind, Tom, dear, we'll get that two hundred and fifty yet” (with a little tremor in her voice when she sees the care lines on his face). “I'm afraid my ears were a bit too keen when I said I almost heard the automobile coming nearer. I'm sorry, Tom, but just you wait! We'll get it yet!”

*Doctor Tom*—“Well, if we do out goes old Bess to pasture for the rest of her natural life. She's a damned site more tired of the road than I am!”

## PART TWO.

## EIGHTH EPISODE.

A Society Notice overlooked by the Playfairs.

“July 1st, 1911. Doctor and Mrs. Durable Playfair leave for Groveville on the third of this month.”

## NINTH EPISODE.

Place: Waterdale. Scene: The sitting room of Doctor Tom Pine's home. Action: As in the first episode.

## TENTH EPISODE.

Place: Groveville summer resort, “deep in the heart of a redwood forest,” etc. Time: July 6th, 1911. Doctor Playfair is seen swinging in a hammock. He reads lazily.

From the distance comes the sleepy sound of running water; everywhere butterflies and bees hum in sunlit circles; great redwoods throw deep cool shadows, and by their majesty add silence to a day redolent with summer.

Doctor Durable Playfair is a noted diagnostician. Simple in his taste and seemingly distant in manner. This reserve is the good consequence of orderly thought given complex clinical problems. Mrs. Durable Playfair sits beside her husband; she is intent upon a picture puzzle, long since given up by the doctor. Enter Mrs. Richquik.

*Mrs. Richquik* (all hurry and anxiety)—“This is Doctor Playfair?”

*Doctor Playfair* (looking up from his book)—“It is.”

*Mrs. Richquik* (with a ready-money-courage tone)—“I desire you to look at my little boy. I am very anxious. He has a dreadful cough and I am afraid he has fever.”

Doctor and Mrs. Durable Playfair glance at each other. The aforesaid ready-money courage tone amazes them somewhat.

*Doctor Playfair*—“I would much rather you called—”

*Mrs. Richquik* (interrupting rapidly)—“I am all alone. I am so anxious. Please be kind. Oh, what shall I do!”

She starts to cry. There is a pause during which the Doctor and his wife again look at each other. The mother in Mrs. Playfair makes her

sympathetic and she nods a grave acquiescence to his silent question, Shall I?

*Doctor Playfair* (lifting himself out of the hammock with a sigh)—“Very well, madam, just to calm your fears I’ll see the little fellow.”

*Mrs. Richquik* (with much less confidence, much less importance and much more true appreciation and all smiles through tears)—“Oh, thank you, so much, Doctor Playfair.”

## ELEVENTH EPISODE.

Scene: The log cabin of Mrs. Richquik at Groveville summer resort. Doctor Durable Playfair is seen making his clinical examination. This a very rapid affair, surely not over five minutes, but it shows a vast experience, much intuition, and a technic born of many hundreds of just such cases.

*Doctor Playfair* (expression serious for the child is quite ill; half aloud, to himself)—“H’m! Capillary Bronchitis.”

*Mrs. Richquik* (explosively)—“What? !! Don’t alarm me, Doctor!”

*Doctor Playfair*—“The little fellow has a bad cold has he not?”

*Mrs. Richquik*—“Dear me! What shall I do! What shall I do! So far away from home! You will take the case, Doctor? You will attend my only boy-child, won’t you, Doctor?”

*Doctor Playfair*—“No, Mrs. Rickquik, I cannot treat your son and must request you to secure the services of the nearest doctor.”

*Mrs. Richquik* (in despair)—“Oh, please, Doctor. I implore you.” (She starts to cry.)

*Doctor Playfair*—“Of course I do not intend to allow my principles to interfere with the immediate care of your son, nor do I propose to leave you in this anxious condition. So I will do what I can until you can get the local doctor.” (She is now weeping full tap. He pauses, looks at her in irritation.) “What is more, I will ask the doctor—whichever he may be—to permit me to consult with him, and if your fears are correct, and he prove stupid and unworthy—which I feel sure he will not, I give you my word I will tell you so and advise you what next to do.” (She looks up, hopefully.) “But treat this case I will not” (sternly and with conviction). “I am on my vacation, and even if I were not, I have no right whatsoever to practice in a desultory manner outside my own elected environment.”

*Mrs. Richquik* (resigned to her fate)—“Very well. I suppose I must make the best of it, and, as you say I cannot take him home, I have no choice; but, mind you, I have your promise to protect my dear little Harry.”

*Doctor Playfair*—“Come! come! One would think you and your son were about to be murdered!”

*Mrs. Richquik* (sobbing)—“I don’t care! I don’t care! I have no faith in country doctors!”

*Doctor Playfair*—“Well, have the last word! but I am quite sure you will think differently after this.”

(Doctor Playfair walks over to the office of the hotel.)

*Doctor Playfair* (carelessly; unconcernedly)—“Many doctors in Waterdale?”

*Office Clerk*—“Two. There’s one osteopath, but we don’t count him.”

*Doctor Playfair*—“Osteopaths are all very well, in their way. What are their names?”

*Office Clerk*—“Doctor William and Doctor Tom Pine—father and son. Don’t know the name of the other fellow. Doctor William is a bit too old to practice much; he’s almost retired—at any rate he never comes here; but Doctor Tom, he often comes to treat the help and I want to tell you you’re going a mighty long——”

*Doctor Playfair* (interrupting him)—“Get Doctor Tom on the phone.” (Then to himself)—“Mighty glad I hadn’t to make a selection.”

## TWELFTH EPISODE.

Scene: The parlor of Doctor Tom Pine’s home. Doctor Tom at the microscope, in a good light. He is whispering the number of white cells and making the tally with a very blunt pencil. Mrs. Tom is reading. Master Tom is roughhousing a bull terrier. There is something about his expression which forces one to think of the gluteal region of a pair of pants. At this moment Master Tom has both knees on the carnivora’s chest and one salivary hand half way down the animal’s throat looking for a rubber ball.

The phone gives one long ring and two short ones. Doctor Tom Pine jumps up from his work and takes down the receiver.

*Doctor Tom* (aside to his son)—“Take that dog out of here. Hello! Yes, this is Rural Four—O—One—yes, Doctor Pine—yes the younger one—what name?—Oh, Doctor Playfair!” (Covering the mouthpiece with his hand)—“Gee! Playfair, the great diagnostician! I wonder what he wants.” (Uncovering the mouthpiece)—“Yes, sir—I can come right away—No, I’ll take the train—yes, there’s one leaving here in about twenty minutes—yes, quite lucky—what did you say the name was—what—spell it—r-i-c-h-q-u-i-k—Richquik. No, I have no automobile—the train will be much quicker than the buggy. Capillary Bronchitis—all right—yes—I’ll ask for you at the office.” (He hangs up the receiver with a bang, grabs his wife and nearly lifts her off her feet with a hug.) “I’ve got a great case and I am going to meet a great doctor. What think you of your husband, now, my dear?”

*Mrs. Tom*—“I think you are worth a hundred Playfairs!”

*Doctor Tom* (very seriously)—“My dear, you don’t know Playfair.”

## THIRTEENTH EPISODE.

Scene: Office of Groveville Hotel. Enter Doctor Tom Pine.

*Hotel Clerk*—“How’d e, Doctor Tom?”

*Doctor Tom*—“How’d e, Bill? And the wife?”

*Hotel Clerk*—“Fine as silk, thanks to you. Doctor Playfair is expecting you. I’ll send you

card over. Front! Take this card over to Cottage 22. Get a move on. Yes, siree; never better!"

*Doctor Tom*—"I'm glad of that, Bill."

(Doctor Playfair enters unseen. The boy has missed him. He stands listening.)

*Hotel Clerk*.—"Shall I get another bottle of tonic? It's sure the proper dope!"

*Doctor Tom*—"Did you not say she was as fine as silk?"

*Hotel Clerk*—"You bet yer!"

*Doctor Tom*—"Then why, in Heaven's name, another bottle of tonic?" (Doctor Playfair laughs. This pleases him.)

*Doctor Playfair* (coming forward)—Doctor Pine? I am Doctor Playfair. The doctor is quite right, Mr. William, if your wife be 'as fine as silk,' why, in Heaven's name another bottle of tonic?"

*Hotel Clerk* (laughing)—"That's one on me! I'll buy." (All three laugh and at once are friendly.)

*Doctor Playfair*—"Shall we go to the library, we can talk quietly there?" He leads the way to a room, furniture of which consists of a few weeklies, some impossible yellow-back novels, a raft of time-tables and hotel circulars (already quoted from) and three or four writing desks.

*Doctor Playfair* (coming quickly to the point)—Mrs. Richquik requested me to phone you. She desires you to attend her little son. Her anxiety made it necessary for me to see the little fellow, therefore I trust that you will pardon me."

*Doctor Tom* (surprised)—"Why, doctor, I'm only too pleased to——"

*Doctor Playfair* (interrupting him)—"The boy is quite sick; as I told you over the phone—lobular pneumonia—quite a sharp attack; any amount of infection. Now, doctor, more by my misfortune than by my fault Mrs. Richquik has heard of me, and she insists that I consult with you. I trust that this will meet your approval. You must make allowances for worried mothers, you know."

*Doctor Tom*—"I shall be delighted. I know your method and line of treatment will be instructive."

*Doctor Playfair*—"But, my dear doctor, I do not intend to make another examination. This is your case. Shall we go over?" (They walk over.)

*Doctor Playfair* (on the rather steep steps of the Richquik cottage)—"You suffer from asthma; not cardiac, I trust?"

*Doctor Tom*—"No, thank God! Just the typical neurosis. Waterdale agrees excellently well. I am seldom worse than you see me. In the city I am impossible." (They enter the cottage.)

*Doctor Playfair*—"Mrs. Richquik, this is Doctor Pine of Waterdale."

*Mrs. Rickquik* (most effusively)—"Deeelighted to see you, Doctor Pine."

(Doctor Playfair gasps in admiration. Her country doctor remarks still ring clear in his memory.)

*Doctor Playfair*—"Will you kindly make your examination, doctor."

(They all pass into the sick room. Doctor Pine makes a very slow, classic examination of the thorax, as a whole, lasting at least fifteen minutes. The silence is only broken by the fret of the child. Doctor Playfair, determined to be true to his promise to Mrs. Richquik, watches him keenly. He is pleased to notice Doctor Pine hesitate over the patches of dulness he himself found, and delighted, beyond words, with his method and confidence. As a matter of fact the whole examination is a huge delight to him, for the keen inspection, the gentle, up-to-date percussion, the exact comparison of sides, the care in the contrasting of cardiac second sounds, the time spent upon the right heart border, and above all the fine sense of courage to cure and power to sympathize so necessary to the definition of a "clinician" of consequence, make Doctor Playfair very fond of Doctor Pine and proves his contention regarding "country doctors." Doctor Tom has finished his examination and has gone into the next room to wash his hands.)

*Mrs. Richquik* (much impressed and in a whisper)—"Why, he is as thorough as you are!"

*Doctor Playfair* (in the same whisper)—"More so, my dear madam; more so." (Doctor Tom returns.) "Well, doctor, what do you think?"

*Doctor Tom*—"I agree with you, sir, but the little fellow seems possessed of resistance and reserve; so he ought to mend rapidly."

*Mrs. Richquik*—"You make me very happy indeed; very happy!"

*Doctor Tom*—"Yes, madam, there is an old saying, 'Never despair of a sick child.' One day they seem posting the road to death, and the next they come galloping back again. They rather enjoy their ride, for every one welcomes them back with tears in their eyes. Yes, children are great tricksters when it comes to a consideration of health and disease."

*Doctor Playfair* (very much surprised and interested)—"Very well put, Doctor Pine! Very well put indeed."

*Mrs. Richquik*—"I am so glad you take such a hopeful view. Will you get what is required, and leave your orders?"

*Doctor Pine*—"Yes, I will send any additional medicine with Mistress Martha, and see your son to-morrow morning. Mistress Martha is our Waterdale nurse. Quite untrained in the city sense, but very much trained, I assure you, in the nurse sense." (Doctor Playfair and Mrs. Richquik look at each other; they both start laughing, and Doctor Tom Pine looks at them somewhat annoyed, for he thinks that they laugh rather too heartily for the humorous value of his remark. Doctor Playfair and Doctor Tom walk toward the office.)

*Doctor Tom*—"When will you see the case again?"

*Doctor Playfair*—"Never, if I can help it. Too much Richquik makes a fellow very sick." (They both laugh.)

*Doctor Tom* (after a long pause and very seri-

ously)—“Doctor Playfair, all this is very kind of you and I value it most highly, and I thank you most sincerely.”

*Doctor Playfair*—“Not at all. With a man of your ability the sharing-burden consultation should be conspicuous by its absence.”

## FOURTEENTH EPISODE.

Scene—The Palatial Home of Mrs. Richquik. A bridge party is in full swing. At one table sits Mrs. Slaminson, Mrs. Aceasy, Mrs. Chicane and Mrs. Richquik. At the fireside sits Miss Lemona Quince, at one time a severe and able-bodied school marm but now giving culture to the Richquik home.

*Mrs. Chicane* (shuffling)—“I quite agree . . . she's positively horrid. . . . Quite impossible.”

*Mrs. Slaminson* (taking a sip of her whisky and water)—“Why, ‘Chickie’! We could have our little fingers together all day long! And so fat! Fancy her in a hobble!”

*Mrs. Aceasy* (looking at Mrs. Slaminson, who weighs at least 189 pounds)—“I do hope they won't be fashionable, don't you, dear Mrs. Slaminson? Nowadays one has always to be so conspicuous not to be noticed.” (Turning to Mrs. Richquik lovingly.) “Do you discard from strength or weakness, dearie?”

*Mrs. Richquik* (giggling)—“I'm always true to my sex; from weakness, love.”

*Mrs. Slaminson*—“You're too hard on us, my dear. Our strength lies in our weakness.”

*Mrs. Richquik* (quite sincerely)—“How clever you are!”

*Mrs. Aceasy* (cattishly)—“Is that original? You are so bright!”

*Mrs. Slaminson* (freezing Mrs. Aceasy with a look)—“How did you enjoy Groveville, Mrs. Richquik?”

*Mrs. Richquik*—“Oh, very much. My little son Harry was taken down with a very severe pneumonia, but I never missed a bridge party; I had such peace of mind. I had an excellent nurse, a queer little old woman from Waterdale, who watched him night and day.”

*Mrs. Aceasy*—“Just like a mother?”

*Mrs. Richquik* (remark going over her head)—“Yes, my dear, and I had such confidence in Doctor Pine.”

*Mrs. Slaminson*—“Never heard of him.”

*Mrs. Richquik*—“Nor had I, but Doctor Playfair recommended him highly. He is from Waterdale, and Doctor Playfair thinks that he has a most brilliant future.”

*Mrs. Aceasy*—“What does he look like?”

*Mrs. Richquik*—“Oh, very handsome. . . . Serious-all-work-and-no-play sort of a person. And oh! such wonderful bedroom manner!”

*Miss Lemona Quince* (hurriedly and severely looking up from her work and over her glasses)—“Sick-room, my dear. Sick-room!”

*Mrs. Richquik* (giggling)—“How stupid of me! Sick-room, of course.”

*Mrs. Slaminson* (helping out)—“I am glad to hear this. We had a terrible time last year at a place called Darnville. Our little George caught the measles from some horrid little children who were living in the same hotel, and no one would come near us, and no doctor within miles. Next year I shall go to Waterdale or Groveville.”

*One or two others*—“So shall I.” “So shall I.”

*Mrs. Aceasy*—“So shall I. We all have such a sense of security when we have a good physician close by.”

*Mrs. Richquik*—“I am glad to hear you all speak this way. I can never be too grateful to Doctor Pine. I have already sent him quite a few good patients.”

## FIFTEENTH AND LAST EPISODE.

Extract from “The Weekly Waterdale Wasp”:

“September 25th, 1910—After a pleasant ride from the city, Doctor and Mrs. Tom Pine arrived home to-day in their new automobile. Every one was much interested in the machine, which is a 1911 thirty-horsepower ‘Clutch.’ This is the first car to be bought by an inhabitant of Waterdale, and goes to show what rapid progress the city and its surrounding country is making. We congratulate the doctor upon his useful possession and realize that no car will be put to better service.”

FINIS.

(This space was reserved for the speech of the distinguished guest of the evening, but the Editor refuses to print it.)

Dr. René Bine, Secretary of the San Francisco County Medical Society, has been appointed the head pall-bearer at the funeral of the Editor of the State Journal, which auspicious event will occur two days after the issue of this number of the Journal.